

August 19, 2005

Dear Diana & Ellen,

Wow what an undertaking! There is certainly a lot of history out there dealing with Alfred State College. I hope people take the time to share it with you. I look forward to seeing the commemorative book. I wish you good luck.

I have attached a few memories of mine that might be of interest to you. I certainly had a few chuckles again writing them down. Many of us worked hard in the good old days but we also were fortunate to be a part of a group that enjoyed a special friendship with one another. For this I am very thankful.

Anne and I continue to enjoy Florida retirement. I play golf almost every day, work on some committees within the community, participate in a Citizen Assisted Patrol with the Sheriffs Department, play some cards, and eat out in many of the good local restaurants we have here.

Anne likes to shop and volunteers at the local hospital. She also likes to play cards.

There is also a local theatre group here is Lakeland that we get season tickets for. The Lakeland Center also has an entertainment series that we subscribe to. Retirement is tough.

We also enjoy traveling. We travel north to see the kids once or twice a year or we arrange to have them down for a visit. We also like to take some type of tour at least once a year. We have been to Alaska and Hawaii but the real highlights have been The Canadian Rockies by Rail, The National Parks Explorer tour of the Rockies, and a river cruise from Budapest to Amsterdam. We just got back from a tour of the Canadian Maritime Provinces.

Something else you might be interested in is a Retirees Luncheon that we have had for a number of years. The Hacketts and the Joyces have headed up a get together of retirees from Alfred State College. We are centrally located here in Lakeland so we meet the first Friday of March for lunch at Huntington Hills Country Club. We usually get 30 to 40 each time we meet. It's always good to see old friends. It is very informal but we usually have some announcements and maybe even a short talk from someone still working at the College.

Again a big thank for taking on such a big project. I am sure many are looking forward to seeing the book. If I can be of any help or you have any questions, don't hesitate to contact me.

Sincerely,



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MEMORIES OF ALFRED STATE COLLEGE

By John J. Joyce 1964 to 1995

Civil Engineering Technology Department

Memory 1.

The fourth floor of the Engineering Building had a unique place to meet for any number of reasons. It might be just to take a break from our normal routine, ask for help with an engineering problem, or to share what worked well in your classes so that others might want to do the same. There were also times when a joke might be pulled on someone. The unique place I refer to was Lyle Mcaffery's office. To all of us it was known as "Lyle's Lounge." Lyle always had a cookie or piece of candy for anyone that entered the "lounge." He usually had a little joke or a bit of advice to hand out.

One day Lyle was telling us of a great deal he had gotten on some hiking boots and that they were still on sale for the next couple days. A number of us went out and purchased a pair. On the first snowy day, a number of us showed up with our hiking boots on. There we were all sitting in the "lounge" with our new boots on when a fairly new faculty member walked in and noticed we all had the same hiking boots. He made a comment about us all having the same boots. Lyle just let a little statement slide out that they were Government Issue and asked hadn't he gotten his? The hook was set and the faculty member wanted to find out where he could get his boots. He was told to go down to the Dean's office and just ask for them. On his rush off to the dean's office, I hollered out to him that I had chosen "the life time lace option." In less than five minutes the Dean appeared at the lounge door wondering what was going on. A good laugh was had by all.

Memory 2.

The Civil Engineering Department had many excellent secretaries over the years. Each had their own unique personality and all wanted to do the best they could for all faculty in the department. It was always a sad time when we would lose one of them. One of those times we lost our secretary when she transferred to the Security Office. She was to answer the phone and get the information down on the situation that was being called in. I called about fifteen minutes into her new job. She answered the phone very professionally and asked what the problem was. I told her there was a robbery I wanted to report. I could tell by her reaction that her thought was "Oh my fifteen minutes on this new job and I'm dealing with a robbery already!" She calmly asked what the robbery was and I told her Security had stolen our secretary. To this day we both have a good laugh about it.

Memory 3.

My office was at the end of the hall on the fourth floor of the Engineering Building. There was always heavy traffic of students and faculty coming up the stairs, opening the door to the hallway and going off to what ever. After a while I didn't hear it or have it bother me. I just went on with what ever I was doing. One day there was an exception to this. I was really working hard on a software program that was going to conquer the world. My train of thought was suddenly broken by the continuous squeaking of the door that opened to the hall. I turned around to see Lyle Mcaffery, with a big grin on his face, swinging the door back and forth causing it to squeak. We had a good laugh.

This happened just before lunch. I went home for lunch and returned early armed with a can of WD40. I took care of the squeak and went back to work on my program. After a short time, I could hear someone coming up the stairs and opening the door. My back was to the door but I could sense the door being swung back and forth but with out any squeaks. Without turning around, I lifted my can of WD40 high above my head and heard Lyle break into a hard laugh.

Memory 4.

A number of faculty in our department would get together from time to time and discuss how we could reinforce what was learned in one class and build on that in another class. This cooperative effort led to an interesting turn of events one evening. I had a Plane Surveying course for our construction students one semester. As in all my classes, I would tell my students they could call me at home if they ran into any problems related to the course material. The only stipulation was that they call before 10 pm.

One day Walt Lang came to my office to show me a problem that he was thinking of giving his students. It was a problem related to what I had covered in the surveying course. I thought the problem was a good one but that it would be a bit of a challenge. With some effort, the students should be able to come up with a solution.

The day Walt assigned the problem, a group of faculty met in the evening at my home to play some bridge. The phone rang at about 9:45. My wife was out so I answered the phone. It was a student on the phone that was acting as a spokesman for a group of students that had gotten together to work on the assignment Walt had given them that day. The student reminded me that I had said if they ever need help to call. I told him I was familiar with the assignment but that he should talk to Mr. Lang first and proceeded to hand the phone over to Walt. There was a long pause because of the shock that Walt happen to be at my home at that very time. Walt asked what they had done so far and then gave them a couple hints to continue working towards a solution. He asked them to call back when they had a solution. About a half hour later the phone rang again. The students wanted to report they had a solution. Walt again talked with the students about their solution. He then asked if they were confident with their solution. They said they were very confident that they had the right answer. This led to a little wager and that they should bring their solution to my house along with their wager that we would match.

About half an hour later, our door bell rang; my wife had just gotten home so she answered the door. There stands a group of students asking to see Walt and me. She invited them in and said we were in the family room down stairs. She knew nothing of what had gone on earlier.

The solution was evaluated and the wager was paid to the winners. The faculty had many a good laugh over this. The students left knowing they had a name and were not just some number on a roster. This I feel is what Alfred State College is all about.